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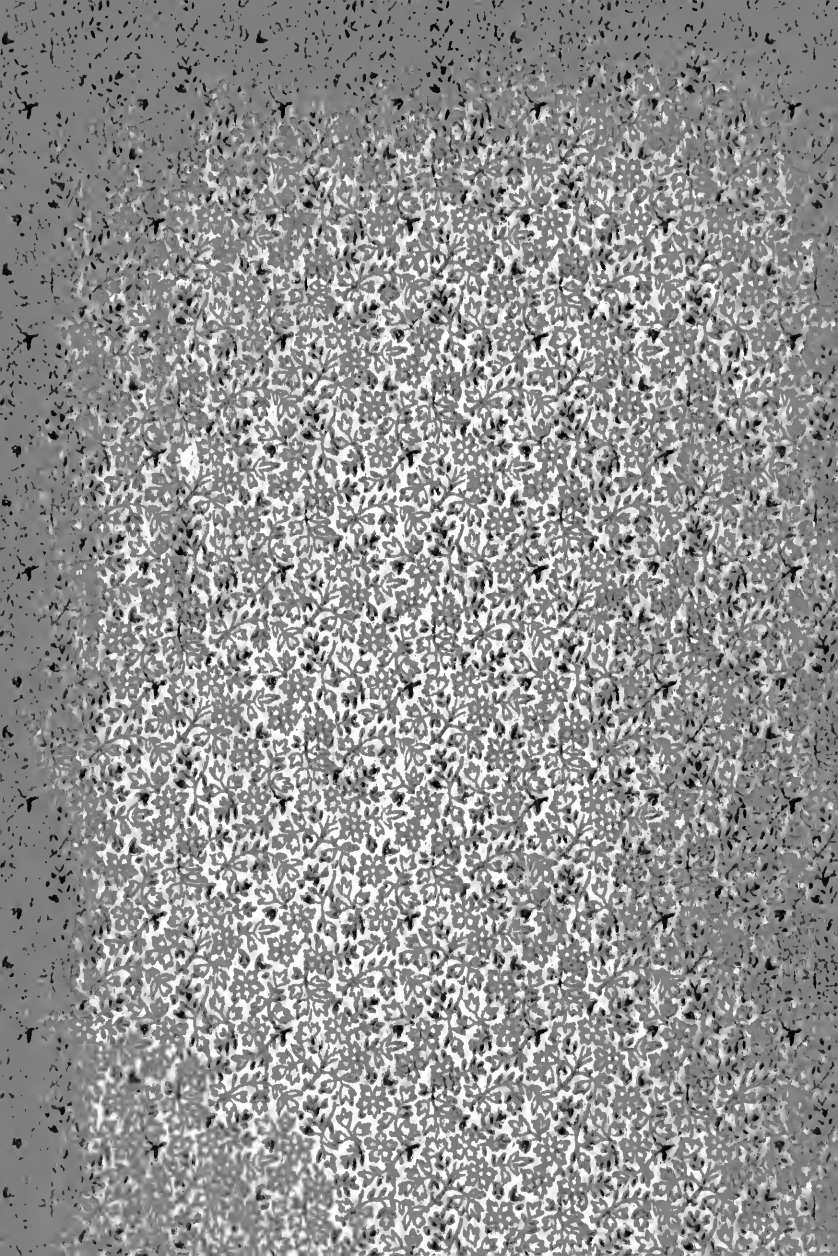
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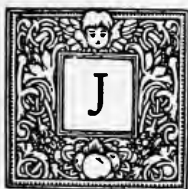
THE FOCUS

Volume I

FARMVILLE, VA., MARCH, 1911

Number 2

A Tangled Web



JUDGE MORTIMER, selecting a cigar, handed the box to his nephew. Ronald was staring out of the window with a set face. Suddenly he turned toward the older man.

"Do you really mean, uncle, that you are engaged to Helen Carrington?"

At this the judge bristled. A slow red crept over his splendid face, to the roots of his gray hair.

"I am, sir! I may be sixty, but I am capable of loving a noble, true woman—such as I know Helen to be. I love her; she says she loves me! Isn't that sufficient?"

He fixed his piercing gray eyes upon the young man.

Ronald was aware of a chill slowly creeping over him.

"Yes—yes, indeed, Uncle Ron. Please do not be offended with my blunt way of inquiring about the affair. I was surprised. I hope you will be happy, and here's my hand on it."

"That's the way to talk, my boy. If you'd been home looking after your old uncle instead of gadding about over the world, you might have seen which way the wind was blowing, eh?"

"Yes, yes, that's so," came slowly and thoughtfully from Ronald's lips. "When——when is it to be?"

"In the fall, bless her precious soul!" said the uncle as he arose from his chair.

"Now, Ronald, my boy," he continued, "how would you like to take a spin over to 'Bon Air' and take a bunch of my

garden roses to Helen? You know all of the family?"

Ronald nodded. "You know I've spent half my time there since I could toddle," he answered quietly.

"Yes—yes. Well, get the runabout, and renew old acquaintances and tell the ladies about the latest fads and fashions from Paris. I'll cut the roses for Helen."

The old man bustled away, while the young man miserably and reluctantly made his way to the garage. Fifteen minutes later Ronald was seated in the machine ready to leave the pillared portico, from which the judge waved farewell.

The fragrance of the flowers at his side saddened Ronald with memories of bygone days—days before he sailed for Europe. He had walked with Helen Carrington in the beautiful garden of roses when she had promised to wait patiently for his return. She had been treacherous; she had played with his love; and she was now engaged to an old man—his uncle.

As he steered the machine through the entrance to those old familiar grounds his blue eyes were dazed with pain.

A white gown came fluttering down the shady walk.

"Oh, Ronald, I'm so glad to see you. We knew that you would come to-day—the judge said you would!"

Ronald did not smile. He took her outstretched hand for one brief instant, then dropped it. He was looking at those lovely features—the raven hair and large brown eyes, contrasted with the lily skin and rose-bud lips.

"My uncle sent these roses with his compliments," he said parrot-like. "He has told me of his engagement to you, and I have come to tender my best wishes."

Helen sat down suddenly, burying her face in the roses to conceal her amazement.

"Thank you, Ronald," she said simply, a moment later.

After fully recovering her wits, she asked slyly, "Are you pleased to have an aunt?"

"An aunt!" Ronald gasped. He had never thought of her in such a relationship. He dropped upon the seat beside her. "Heavens, what a mockery!" he muttered to himself.

"Helen, how could you forget?"

She did not reply; the roses fell upon the seat beside her and upon the ground at her feet, and Helen disappeared in the shrubbery.

Ronald sat motionless—dazed—torn with conflicting emotions. At length a rustle of silk attracted his attention. Looking up, he beheld a gray-gowned woman, with snowy, white hair, a sweet, youthful face, and large brown eyes resembling Helen's.

Ronald sprang to his feet and took the outstretched jeweled hand.

"This must be Ronald Mortimer, Jr.," she said.

"And you," said Ronald, bending low, "I must know you."

She laughed. "You have never set eyes upon me before. I am Helen Carrington—Mr. Carrington's sister from California."

"And you—you are to make my uncle the happiest man in the world," he replied with a smile as if the adversities of this old world had magically shuffled out of sight.

Miss Helen blushed as she nodded in the affirmative.

"I thought it was Helen," explained Ronald at the end of an hour. "She did not deny it."

"Perhaps little Helen thought that a man who had no faith in his sweetheart's loyalty needed to be punished," suggested Miss Carrington bravely.

"Of course, I acted like a foggy," said Ronald reddening. "I hope Helen will forgive me."

At that instant Helen appeared, her eyes dancing with merriment.

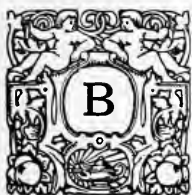
"You are becoming acquainted with my Aunt Helen?" she asked demurely.

"And my Aunt Helen—to be—on both sides of the family," asserted Ronald, as he took both of her hands in his while Aunt Helen stole softly away.

MERTIE EDITH McDONALD, Cunningham, '11.



Browning As a Musician



BROWNING, besides being a philosopher, scientist and poet, was a true musician. He was more than a skillful performer; music with him was as much an art as poetry, and was a part of him. He knew and fully appreciated the inner meaning of music. In his poems he shows the deep feeling of the musician as well as the hearer.

In "Abt Vogler", his greatest musical poem, he puts into words the thoughts of a musician who has been playing something beautiful—wonderful—something of his own creation. He plays as one who is enraptured. And now he has stopped. Everything is silent. That which he had created has vanished as though it had never been. Nothing remains of the harmony of the minute before. The musician wonders that anything so really a part of himself, such a perfect creation, can vanish completely. He feels that it must surely exist somewhere.

He compares his music to a palace erected for his princess, and to other fantastic imagery. He says:

*"Out of three sounds, I frame
Not a fourth sound, but a Star."*

The comparison between music and architecture is an old one, and a very beautiful one. It expresses the feeling of a musician, that there must be some soul of permanence behind the mere sound of music.

As in "Charles Avison," he shows that underneath the mind rolls the unending "sea of the soul," and music matches feeling with knowledge, dragging into day the "abysmal bottoms of soul's deep sea."

In "A Toccata of Galuppi's" Browning represents Galuppi at the clavichord playing a warning of death to two classes of people—the utterly frivolous and those too deep in researches. They hear him and understand; but the frivolous say, "Life might last; we can but try," and "then more kisses;" while the scientists unheedingly continue their researches.

In "Saul" Browning shows again the power of soul, as music, over mind. David arouses Saul by the sheep call, and causes his slow mind to begin to move. He shows the hearty companionship of the reapers, then he brings to Saul's mind the praise of those who have been trying to stimulate a desire for like praise. As Saul arises, David shows him his favors from God in being king, and then he sings of future ages when Saul himself shall be extolled. By the power of prevision which the music gives him he is enabled to foresee the coming of Christ and its meaning to the world.

So to Browning music was the adequate expression of the soul's emotions.

FRANCES GRAHAM, Cunningham, '13.

Marse Bob



IT dem tukkeys outen de yard, dar, Eph'i'm! What you doin' dar, sprawlin' 'long dat poach a-doin' ov nothin'? Fust thing you know, dem air rapscallion Yankees 'll git ev'y las' one ov Ole Miss's tukkeys. Ole Miss is a-savin' ov 'em for Marse Dick, too, when Chris'mas done got here.

"Dar come Miss Polly now, wid dat ar low-lifted Yankee. Marse Bob better be comin' home fur to see 'bout his gal. Cawn't speck an' ole niggarr fur to keep de gemmens away fum a purty gal lak dat all de time!

"Shoo dat gobbler off'n de gate pos' dar, Eph'i'm! Ain't you never gwiner git 'em in dat house?"

Ephraim rolled his eyes, showing an unusual amount of white, pulled off his skull-cap, made of last year's hair clippings, flung it at the miscreant turkey and walked lazily on toward the turkey-house. The gobbler, in a fit of perversity, removed himself only to alight comfortably on the opposite gate-post. Ephraim spied him, and reaching into the depths of a rock-laden pocket, pulled out a handful of rocks and paper, which he let fly at the turkey. The missile, however, passed harmlessly by the gobbler, and landed in a mud-puddle, just outside the gate.

"Dar Lawsy," exclaimed Ephraim, "I done done it now, fur sho! I clar forgot to gib dat ar letter to Miss Polly! What'll Marse Bob do to dis here nigger?"

Whereupon Ephraim hurried to the mud-puddle, and after several vain attempts succeeded in bringing to light a much-besmeared note which had been written in pencil.

"Well, clar 'fo' goodness, if dis here ain't one trick. Eph'i'm, nigger, youse done fur yo'se'f, sho. Marse Bob gwine bus' your head open. Here you go spilin' ov Miss

Polly's love letter a-flingin' it at a tukkey gobbler a-struttin' on de gate pos'! What you gwine do wid it, I'd like to know? You sho can't gib it to Miss Polly, an' hab her a silin' ov her purty white fingers wid it. I jis gwine drap you right back an' let you stay dar, dat'll fix it."

"Eph'i'm!" called mammy from the kitchen door. "Eph'i'm, if you doan come here to me an' quit dat projickin, an' progin' aroun' in dat ar mud-hole, I'se gwine fling a stick ov stove-wood at you. Who ever hearn tell ov sich unconnodious doin's—an' here comp'ny dun come to supper. Come 'long, I tell you. I ain' got nary stick ov wood fur to fry dem waffles wid. I wonder what dese here good-fer-nothin' niggers was made fer, anyhow. Hustle, I tell you, Eph'i'm!"

So "Marse Bob's" letter was left to its fate, while Polly walked leisurely homeward with Captain Jack Sherman, who, gaily arrayed in his uniform of blue and gold, never once dreamed that Bob Livingston, Polly's dearest friend of childhood, her school-days' chum, and her lover of to-day, was nearer than Jackson's camp.

Polly was an orphan, whom "Ole Miss" had adopted in babyhood and reared as tenderly as she had her own son Robert, who was now gallantly risking his life as a Confederate scout, for love of home, mother, country, and sweet-heart.

After waiting all day for Ephraim to come with the dreaded reply to his note, Bob crept from his hiding place at sunset. He was happier than he had been for many a day, for no answer to his note meant more than victory—more than life itself to him. Polly had found that the coast was clear of Yankees by Giles Bend and would be waiting in the rose arbor near the garden as soon after sunset as he could reach the spot. Would she look as happy as he felt? But then, looks didn't matter, since he would not be able to see in the dark. Perhaps it was better so, for then Polly could

not see the tattered, torn uniform of gray he had worn so proudly when they last met. But what mattered looks anyway? Polly loved him.

He hurried on by Giles Bend, then cautiously approached Beechwood. He stole past two sentinels undetected, noiselessly scaled the garden wall, and crept along the path. A rustling of leaves caused him to pause just inside the garden gate and listen. Footsteps approached and he immediately crouched low for safety, behind the trunk of a fallen tree. As he lay close to the ground a voice which he could not mistake reached his ear, followed by another, strange, and yet familiar to him.

He sat up and peered wonderingly through the semi-darkness——. Gone now was the happiness which was his only a few minutes before; banished, the feeling of security, for——it was indeed Polly. But beside her stood a Union soldier, his——arm——around her waist. The Union soldier, too was Jack Sherman, his best friend at school.

Bob did not look again, but as soon as they passed from hearing, made his way back quietly through the Yankee lines. He had no thought for self-protection, but tramped recklessly onward, not caring whither his footsteps led him. Suddenly he found himself in a familiar spot, the "Fairy's Corner," the place where he, with Polly, had spent the happiest days of his life. Casting himself upon the ground as had been his custom in childhood, he poured out the anguish of his soul in silent meditation. He had lost Polly—there was nothing worth living for now. Why should he live with no prospect of happiness, no hope for the future?

Through the vines of "Fairy's Corner" gleamed the Yankee camp-fires. Bob saw them and was seized by a sudden revulsion of feeling. He was shaken to the very depths of his being, for in his abandonment to self, he had forgotten

his country. Without a moment's hesitation he arose and turned his face campward.

A few weeks later Polly was startled by the abrupt entrance of Uncle Eben. His knees were trembling, his face ashy from fright.

"What is it, Uncle Eben?" she cried. "Captain Jack—is he hurt?"

"God, Miss Polly! 'taint him—wish fore de Lord 'twas. Marse Bob! Oh, Miss Polly, Marse Bob done got kilt, an' all a-long a-tryin' to save that good-fer-nothin' Yankee's life whar he brung here from school. Marse Bob done seed Cap'n Jack fall, an' he rid right thru' de line er Yankees fer to pick 'im up, an' jist as he done got Cap'n Jack up across his hoss an' fixin' to turn back, one ov dem low-lifted Yankee dogs sent a bullet cle'r into Marse Bob's heart. Dat ain't de wuss part neither; here dey got ter go an' brung 'im right here under ole Miss's eyes, lak she ain't got ernuff fer to 'stress herse'f wid, nohow.

"Marse Bob, Marse Bob! ast de Lord for to 'libber us from dem Yankees!"

GRAY AND PHILLIPS, Argus, '11.

The Girl Who Leads—A Symposium

I



THE prime characteristic of a leader is energy. It is not merely enough to be on the negative side of indolence, for leadership requires unbounded life and activity. The girl who leads has school spirit and is interested in each phase of school life; interested so that every one knows she is in her place and ready to take part in anything from her class organization to keeping a neat campus. She must have life, humor, and an unlimited supply of resources to draw upon at any time, for either work or play. Some of these necessary qualities may have been gifts of nature, though many may be acquired. This young woman is unconscious of her position among the other girls, and is only being true to the generous promptings of her own heart.

An essential quality in a girl of this kind is fidelity. She must be always true to herself, to her friends, and to those in authority. Having no cause for deceit, she is frank, constant, and faithful, not ever ready to turn with the tide. She uses her own knowledge of people and things for a basis of judgment. Her criticisms of others are carefully guarded, and her sense of truth and honor is so strong that it is a part of her nature; if this were not discernible few would be willing to follow her or to trust to her leadership.

Another characteristic of the leader of girls is broadness. No girl is willing to accept the opinion or advice of another girl whose judgment is narrow, or who harbors strong prejudices against people. Girls are quick to recognize these qualities and never willing to accept them. The true leader is

just to all; she does not give credit where it is not due, nor does she let recognized merit pass unrewarded. She is thoughtful and considerate of those under whose guidance she is placed, and is as popular with those in authority as she is among her schoolmates. She is ready to accept the advice of the other girls in working with them; she knows that nothing will interest them more than to have their ideas taken into consideration. Good judgment is needed in knowing how to use this advice, and what place to give it. She knows how to form plans and then how to execute them; in fact, this girl must have a knowledge of human nature and self-possession to deal with it.

This ideal girl among girls is tactful and sympathetic; she thinks before she speaks, is considerate of the feelings of others, and is ready to take the part of the weak when they are wronged. The leader is unselfish and untiring; she must often take the hardest part of the work and be willing to take the least in reward. She must be always cheerful, and hopeful, and courageous as to the outcome of any project she is leading. Her presence brings joy and gladness into any company she enters. "The brimming good humor and joyousness of her nature is simply contagious. She manages to get at fun, real good, square fun," everywhere she goes, and imparts it to those about her.

RUTH BUTTON, '12.

II.

Girls may lead in many things. One may lead a german, another a game, another a long line in marching. Still others lead in dress, in social affairs, and in mischievous pranks. But none of these require the highest type of ability. The girl who really leads in things worth while is one whom other girls intuitively feel to be their leader. Though she may never be president of any organization, or may never openly

bear the name, still she leads, in that her opinion is the one oftenest adopted and her attitude towards little as well as important questions the one that influences many others.

The girl who leads has many sides to her nature; if she did not, she would never be trusted and admired as much as she is. She can see another's side of a question; she possesses that great ability, getting outside of one's self. She does not judge a person quickly and without thought.

In all fearlessness she chooses the right, not counting the cost. She is quiet and strong like water running deep.

Her friendliness is something one would never doubt; still it is hard to define. She has many intimate friends, but towards all girls she has an attitude of friendliness that is very tactful. Many find in her a friend ready to help when she can.

She is lively and interested in things that all other genuine girls care about naturally. Above all the things that count toward her leading is her personality and indefinable magnetic force, that strangely compels and attracts.

ALICE HEALY, Pierian, '12.

III.

Ever since this old world of ours was created there have always been some who by their character and personality became leaders, either consciously or unconsciously. In all the great struggles for rights, liberty, and life, was there not someone who took command and swayed the others by word or deed?

It has not always been the men who have led; there have been women also. Although they are weaker, physically, yet when occasions have arisen they have always met them bravely. When the French king, Charles, was about to lose his throne, did not Joan of Arc come to the rescue and lead the great army of France to victory at Orleans? In the

Crimean War, it was Florence Nightingale who led a band of trained nurses to the battlefield and bound up the wounds of the shattered soldiers.

In our present age too, women are taking a prominent part in the great affairs of the world. It is the women who go through the poverty-stricken districts of the cities and relieve the want and suffering there. Through their influence orphan asylums have been erected, and homes, where poor degraded women can find shelter, have been built. They have formed societies for the protection of childhood. Their efforts are being directed towards improvement in the schools, and making the cities of our land beautiful to the eye. They have leagued themselves together to promote temperance and spread the gospel.

There are many modest leaders in our own every-day circle, of whom history will never speak. Look at the girl who leads, whether in society or in school. There is the girl who exerts a bad influence around her; she can be a leader as well as the girl who exercises a good influence. It is extremely important for the girl who has the qualities of a leader to be noble and true; if she is not, her perverted power will do great harm.

The girl who leads has certain traits of character which win people to her. She draws them as a magnet draws a needle. A leader does not have to be beautiful in face and form, but in character. It is not the pretty face which counts, but winning ways.

The leader is always ready to lend a helping hand to her companions. She takes an active interest in all the plans and projects of her friends. She has an air of command and ability about her, yet she is not domineering. She greets all with a smile, even though they are not in her own immediate circle of friends. She possesses tact, and can say the right thing at the right time, or do the best thing at the

best time. She can make friends with those in lower stations of life than hers, and yet keep them at a proper distance, if necessary, without offending them.

Firmness is an essential quality of the leader, for when she says a thing she must be prepared to abide by it, if her position is right. Sincerity is another of her characteristics; she is not one thing to-day and another to-morrow, but the same straightforward steady girl every-day. There are determination and courage in her make-up. She does not let misfortunes make a coward of her. When grief comes to her friends she knows how to comfort and cheer them. When grief overtakes her, she bears up bravely for the sake of others, and does not thrust her troubles on other people.

One of the chief characteristics of a natural leader is self-confidence without egotism—that quality which enables her to undertake difficult tasks without fear and trembling. But she never carries self-confidence so far as to be bold and overbearing.

In some people these qualities of an ideal leader are nature's blessed gifts, in others these qualities can be cultivated. Every girl may attain to some of these attributes, but she must do so merely for the sake of possessing them, and not for the sake of purposely using them to secure a selfish leadership.

MARY MILLS, '13.

IV.

The girl who leads must have many different traits of character, which together make up a personality that is well-rounded in every respect.

I once met a girl in a large woman's college whose nature I determined to study, just for the sake of discovering what made her such a power among girls.

She was, on first acquaintance, very much like any other bright, well-balanced school-girl of about nineteen or twenty. She was not beautiful when one analyzed her features, but there was certain strength and purity about her face that made strangers look at her twice, and made her friends love to study her face.

The first remarkable thing that I noticed about her was that she never, under any circumstances, said an unkind thing about another girl. If she heard her companions criticising some absent acquaintance she always seemed to have something good to say about the person under discussion. Her influence upon her comrades, in that direction, was wonderful. Gradually their attitude toward their fellow students became sweeter, more considerate, and more charitable.

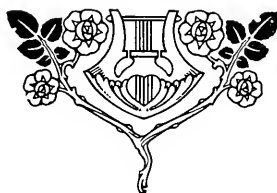
Another trait that attracted my attention was that, although she was decidedly the most popular girl in the school, she seemed not to know it and had an humble opinion of herself. Indeed, she never seemed to think about herself or whether she received as much attention as she should. It always seemed just natural for her to think of others. Her disposition was thoroughly sympathetic. When the girls were in trouble they seemed drawn to her by some invisible power. To her they were willing to tell their sorrows and troubles, knowing that with her they would find cheer and comfort.

She was lively and bright and loved fun and all out-door sports. But she never, just for the sake of having a good time, allowed herself to be led to break school rules or to do anything disrespectful to her teachers.

She was easily first in all her classes, but she showed no pride over it, and it did not occur to the other girls to be jealous of her. She was never happier than when she was helping some one else with a hard lesson or out of some difficulty.

One of the most striking things that I discovered in our leader was her beautiful Christian character. She took an active but modest part in all forms of religious activity, but her spiritual force was best shown in her every-day life. She never made a show of her religion, but it was quietly, strongly evident in everything she did. It was plain to those who watched her that it was the guiding motive of her life.

HALLIE HUTCHESON, Athenian, '12.



Anna's Way



ELEN expelled! Why Helen is one of the most popular girls in the college!"

"Well, the minute she leaves school every Theta Gamma Beta packs her trunk and goes too!"

Both of the girls were getting more and more excited, and the appearance of three or four more of their Sorority Sisters, who had to be told the news, only served to heighten the excitement and noise. The little group kept steadily increasing, and but for the interference of the proctor, who hurried the indignant crowd off to their rooms, half the college would soon have gathered in the corridor. As they left, one of them called over her shoulder, "Remember an important meeting of the Theta Gamma Beta in the gym at half-past four."

Helen Kell, who was the subject of the foregoing conversation, was an impetuous, fun-loving girl. The other girls laughingly called her their "antidote for the blues," and indeed cheerfulness and good-fellowship seemed to stream from every pore. All her life she had every wish granted, yet she was not selfish; she was generous almost to a fault. She was an unusually bright girl, and with very little effort kept up with the best in the class.

Her impetuosity and thoughtlessness had at last got her into what, to all appearances, was serious trouble. She had done nothing criminal, nor anything which in itself was sufficient cause for expulsion, but her repeated offences in breaking little rules, in participating in midnight feasts, and now her culminating act of mischievousness—stealing down the fire escape during study hour and tick-tacking on the dean's window—had brought things to a crisis.

By a quarter past four every Theta had gathered in the gymnasium. Everybody talked at once, but nobody cared to listen to what any one else was saying. After repeated rappings for order, an excited hush fell over the group. Mary Walker, a tall blonde, was the first to pour forth her pent-up feelings:

"Girls, the minute Helen Kell leaves this school, I leave. We all know that Helen hasn't done anything to deserve expulsion. It is just that the girls in the other Sororities and the non-sorority girls are jealous of our good standing in the school and are trying to get us into disgrace. Then, too, when she has done nothing disgraceful, it is not right to place Helen on the same plane with the few girls who have been expelled for disgraceful conduct. Some girls in the school and outsiders will always believe that she did something terrible. We shall not stand for her expulsion one minute! All in favor of leaving with Helen in the morning, if she goes, stand!"

Every girl in the room but one sprang to her feet instantly.

"But, why not, Anna? It seems to me you would feel the outrage as keenly as the rest of us. If you were half as loyal to your sorority as you are to your hopes of getting Senior honors, you would not hesitate to go!"

Anna was the least excitable and most level-headed of the girls. She had had more little cares and fewer joys, in her home than any of her companions. The sudden generosity of one of her aunts had made her college education possible much sooner than she had ever dared hope for in her fondest dreams. It hurt her to the quick to have her chums think her unloyal, yet when she saw so clearly how wrong was the course they intended to pursue, she could not conscientiously join them.

"Girls, you surely do not realize how wrong is the attitude you are taking. It is a dishonor not only to our soror-

ity, but more especially to our dear old college. The other girls wouldn't disgrace the school for a mean little revenge on us. If we act in a more reasonable, ladylike manner, the faculty and student body will both be more easily influenced in Helen's behalf than if we go about it in this indignant, school-girl fashion. Oh, girls please think it over carefully by yourselves before you do this thing, which will bring still greater disgrace upon us. You know that I love Helen as well as any of you do, and it is with her deepest welfare at heart that I ask this of you." She left the room quickly.

"Oh, Anna makes me tired! It is just her hope of old Senior honors that keeps her from joining us."

"I suppose she will go and tell the faculty that she has nothing to do with it, if we carry out our resolution," scolded another.

"Mary, however wrong you think Anna is, you know she wouldn't do that. Anna never gossips, and she certainly would not tell anything detrimental to her friends in order to give herself a better reputation. It seems to me that the best thing we can do is to act upon her suggestion. There goes the chapel bell, so we'll have to break up until later."

The next morning the Theta's were very much surprised to hear it announced at breakfast that the president wished to see them immediately after they left the dining-room. They went in a body to her office and waited with bated breath for her to begin.

"Young ladies, it is a grave thing for a girl to be expelled from her college. That such a grave thing was about to happen, you are already aware, but through the eloquent pleading of one of her sorority sisters and her own earnest promise to exercise greater care in the future, we have decided to allow her to return after Easter."

They dashed out of the office, overjoyed, crying unanimously.

"Come on, girls let's go apologize to Anna!"

"But first, three cheers for Anna, the leader of Theta Gamma Beta's!"

Three ringing cheers sounded through the old halls, and the eyes of Anna, who was passing along the upper hall, filled with happy tears.

MILDRED C. FLOURNOY, Athenian '12.



EDITORIALS



"Pictures" Why all these mysterious yellow envelopes closely guarded or exultantly waved on high? Why this long line of girls tantalizingly wrapped in long flowing capes or tightly buttoned coats, hastily leaving the building, to appear again in about thirty minutes with countenances which plainly show relief? The mystery is solved! The Seniors are having their pictures taken!

The annual descent has been made upon Mr. Hunt, whose camera has bravely withstood the vicissitudes of Time and beauty(?). Many and varied are the exclamations heard upon the stairs, in the halls and on the streets: "Oh, how lovely! It's exactly like me!" Or, from a friend, "Oh, I'm so sorry, dear! Such a pity the mouth is so big; still it does look like you, doesn't it?" Or, from an avowed enemy, "That's simply dear, but no one would ever know it is you, would she?" But let us wait until the Class Books come before we make our remarks.

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The Literary Societies The excitement and interest among the Literary societies has been at the highest pitch for the last two or three weeks, on account of the joint debates. Even the least ambitious member has been awakened to the fact that it is *her* literary society which is battling for first place. The friendly rivalry existing between the societies is such as to be commended by

all, and we extend our heartiest congratulations to the successful winner of the championship.

The work of the literary societies, during the last term especially, has received the highest praise and commendations from the Faculty. The weekly programs have, in most cases, been very interesting to all who attended, for they have shown careful preparation by the members. But one great fault on the part of the committees who arrange the programs, and one which it would seem that we could correct, is, that not enough time is given a girl, in many cases, to prepare a paper creditable to herself and her society. If some plan could be adopted, such as to publish the programs for the term at the beginning of each term, this fault could, to a large extent, be done away with; or, rather, it would then rest with the girl herself as to when she would get up her paper.

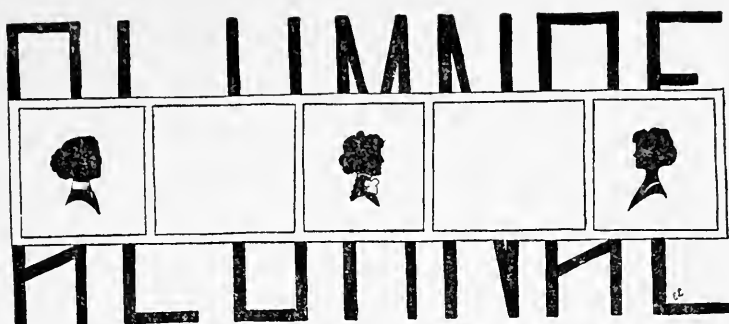
The training received in the Literary Society, as to parliamentary rules, etc., is training that every girl should have before leaving school. Therefore we welcome among us the two new debating societies which have lately been organized. We only wish that it could be made possible for every girl in school, even to the lowest classes, to become a member of some literary organization.



Alumnae It is our purpose to make the June issue of
Number THE FOCUS an Alumnae number. Therefore we wish to take this opportunity to urge the Alumnae to send in stories or poems for this number by the last week of April, as they cannot be accepted later than that. We are all interested in the girls who have left our school, some of us particularly so, and we should like very much to hear something about their experiences as teachers. Just take half an hour off from a day when you are not quite so busy

planning lessons, and send us a sketch either of school or of social life. Remember that this is Alumnæ Year, and we are all interested in publishing one of the best numbers of *THE FOCUS* when so many of the graduates are here again. We are anxious to see how many of our old geniuses are able to write as interesting stories as they used to write. Think how much more material you have at hand now, since your years of experience out in the world.





Mrs. Egbert Reese Jones (Bessie Blanton), class of '86, is State Regent of the D. A. R. for Mississippi. She is visiting in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. R. Baxter Tuggle (Martha Berkeley), class '87, is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. C. Burnet (Robbie Berkeley), class '96, in Savannah, Georgia. She will soon go to her new home in Atlanta, Georgia, to which place Mr. Tuggle has recently moved his headquarters.

Maud Trevett, class '91, teaches in the Glen Allen High School.

Mrs. Henry Elliott (Jennie Phillips), class '96, is at home in Hampton, Virginia.

The following girls are teaching in the West End Academy, at Hampton, Virginia:

Lila Chisman, class '96; Louise Paramore, class '03; Julia Massey, class '06; Susie Shelton, class '09; Zilpah Tignor, class '02; Nellie Moreland, class '07; Audrey Brittingham, class '04.

Julia Armstead, 09; Emily Lewelling, class '08; Frances Lewelling, class '06; Etta Sinclair, class '03; Lalla Darden, class '08, are teaching in the Synes-Eaton Academy of Hampton, Virginia.

Elizabeth Ivy, class '97, is supervisor of drawing in Elizabeth City County.

Blanche Bulifant, class '97, teaches in the High School of Hampton.

Mrs. J. E. Elliott (Mamie Brinson), class '97, now lives in Hampton, Virginia.

Charlotta Wray supervises primary work in Petersburg, Virginia.

Mrs. Burke (Belle Mears), class of '98, teaches in the Phœbus High School.

Anna Daniel, class '98, is teaching at Red Springs, N. C.

Among our alumnæ who reside in Roanoke are: Mrs. W. T. Lackett (Annie Stultz), Mrs. G. Gooch (Lula Morton), class '96, Mrs. J. M. Noell (Virginia Boyd), Mrs. C. R. Williams (Grenda Hatcher), Mrs. J. M. Rideout (Ella Goodwin), class '99; Miss Kate Stone, class '95, and Miss M. F. Stone. Among those teaching there are the following: are the following:

In the Belmont School, Martha Featherstone, class '99; Jemina Hurt, Emma Freer, Florence Barr, class '07; Minnie Blanton, and Edith Duval. Mary Gray is at Park street school, also Lucy Stearns, class '04. In the Gilmer School are Anne Richardson, class '07; Bess Howard, class '06; Pauline Williamson, class '06; Ruth Redd, class '10; Beulah Fuike, class '01. Emma Waring, class '06, teaches in Melrose School. Lillian Hooke and Nell Walker both are teachers in the West End School.

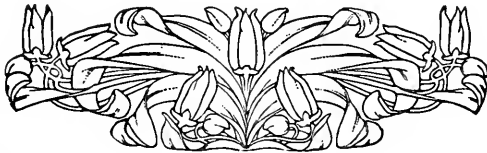
Natalie Lancaster, class '99, is head of the Mathematics Department at Harrisonburg Normal and Industrial School.

Mrs. H. Houston (Elizabeth Watkins), class '00, lives in Hampton, Virginia.

Sarah Hogg, class '01, teaches in the Central School at Newport News, Virginia.

Rose Lee Dexter, class '02, teaches in Hampton, Virginia.

Frances Y. Smith, class '02, is General Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association at the Alabama Girls' Industrial School, at Montevallo. In the fall she rendered valuable assistance to the student department of the Gulf States by visiting a number of the schools in the interest of the Young Women's Christian Association.



HERE AND THERE

PIERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.



THE members of the Pierian Literary Society have been studying Shakespeare's plays this winter. The regular routine, however was broken in January by several debates.

On January 13th, the usual monthly meeting was held in the auditorium, at which time the program consisted of a debate on the question, "Resolved: That the United States' railroads should be owned and operated by the Federal Government." Those on the affirmative were Elizabeth Field and Virginia Johnston, while those on the negative were Ada Smith and Zulieme Duval.

The judges decided in favor of the affirmative.

On January 20th the following subject was discussed, "Resolved: That the girl of to-day is of more value than the girl of the olden times." Affirmative: Lucille Bowden, Bessie Trevett; Negative: Pauline Watts, Ethel Ayers. The decision was rendered in favor of the negative.

ARGUS LITERARY SOCIETY

The work of the Argus Literary Society for the past term has been confined to some of Shakespeare's plays. One or two very interesting programs have consisted of original stories and poems. In addition to work of this nature several meetings have been given to debates. During the spring term we shall study the modern drama. This subject, being of present day significance, promises to be exceedingly interesting and helpful.

The plan of meeting weekly has proved to be a good one, for it calls for active work, and thereby creates more interest on the part of all the members than we have heretofore had.

A VALENTINE MEETING OF THE CUNNINGHAM LITERARY SOCIETY

On Saturday evening, February 11th, the Cunningham Literary Society held an enjoyable meeting in the auditorium in honor of St. Valentine's Day.

Love scenes from Dickens, and favorite love songs, made up the evening's program, which consisted of the following: "Florence and Walter," from *Nicholas Nickleby*, by Anna Howerton; Solo: "How Can I Leave Thee," by Lalla Jones; "Barkis and Peggoty," by Lucy Strother; "Early Love Affairs of David Copperfield," by Pearle Parsley; Duet: "Annie Laurie", by Louise Ford and Susie Crump; "David and Agnes," by Annie Banks; Solo: "Just a Song at Twilight," by Fannie Graham; Solo: "In the Gloaming," by Grace Woodhouse.

ATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

On February 3d, an open meeting of the Athenian Literary Society was held in the auditorium.

The program consisted of a debate on the subject: "Resolved, That the United States should adopt a universal parcels post." The speakers on the affirmative were Florence Buford and Bettie Short; those on the negative, Kate Porter and May Langslow. The decision was rendered in favor of the negative. After the critics' report the meeting adjourned.

Following the debate the members of the society adjourned to the Kindergarten, where they spent a very pleasant evening entertaining their new members. An interesting guessing contest, "A Tree Party," in which Miss Willie Stebbins was

the successful contestant, was the first feature of the evening's program.

After this, all were invited into the adjoining room where the next two hours were merrily spent over chafing-dishes, experimenting in such dainties as "divinity fudge," orange creams, chocolates, etc. A table of delicious fruits, to which all made frequent visits, added much to the evening's enjoyment. The remainder of the time was spent in dancing and singing, concluded by laughable and appropriate farewell toasts.

SENIOR CLASS

The Senior Class has selected from its members the following: First historian, Pearl Justice; second historian, Ruth Shepard; third historian, Penelope White; class poet, Irma Phillips; prophetess, Lalla Jones; giftorian, Carrie Hunter; writer of the last will and testament, Lucile Cole.

The staff for the Class Book, elected by the Senior Class, is as follows:

Editor-in-Chief	Carrie Hunter
Assistant Editor-in-Chief	Lalla Jones
Literary Editor	Katie Gray
Assistant Literary Editor	Rebekah Peck
Picture Editor	Lillian Wall
Assistant Picture Editor	Ruth Shepard
Business Manager	Myrtle Townes
Assistant Business Manager.....	Marie Mapp

THE JUNIOR-SENIOR RECEPTION, FEBRUARY 22, 1911.

The annual reception given by the Junior Class to the Senior Class took place Wednesday evening, February 22d. It was one of the most attractive social events of the season.

The Reception Hall was beautifully and appropriately decorated in our national colors. Here the guests were received by the officers of both classes, assisted by Professor J. Merritt Lear. After the guests had exchanged cordial greetings supper was served. The color scheme was prettily carried out in the dining-room. As the happy crowd were enjoying the delicacies set before them, the Farnville Band surprised and delighted each heart with its sweet and merry music. When supper was over the guests separated into two parties and visited either "Mount Vernon" or the "White House," enjoying as a result two clever, patriotic contests. Dancing followed, after which the classes gave their yells.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The month of February has been a happy one in our association life in more than one way, for it has not only brought to a close another successful year, but it has also begun a new year with fresh hopes and bigger aims to make our association mean even greater and richer things in our school life.

At the annual business meeting on February 4th, the following officers were elected:

Ruth T. Hunt	President
Ruth Dabney	Vice-President
Lelia E. Robertson	Corresponding Secretary
Pearl D. Matthews	Treasurer
Bessie W. Wynne	Librarian

The members of the new Cabinet, besides the officers elected, are: Lillian Cook, Chairman of Devotional Committee; Grace Beale, Chairman of Bible Study Committee; Miss Rice, Chairman of Missionary Committee; Lettie Cox, Sub-Chairman of Missionary Committee; Grace Woodhouse, Chairman of Social Committee, Thurzetta Thomas, Chairman

of Social Committee; and Kate Bulman, Chairman of Poster Committee.

The first regular meeting of the year was led by Miss Richardson. On February 18th, our president spoke on "The Best in School." At the other two meetings of the month, the Bible Committee presented for study, "Moses, the Lawgiver," led by Miss Selina Hindle. The Missionary Committee, under the leadership of Miss Lynda Rowe, presented a very interesting program on "Japan."

The association sent Ruth Dabney, Grace Howell, Lily Percival, Miss Andrews, and Miss Richardson to Hollins to be its representatives at the Virginian Student Council from February 24 - 27. Our delegates came back filled with enthusiasm, so that we are eagerly awaiting their report on March 11th.

While our girls were at Hollins, the Emory-Henry Glee Club, under the auspices of the Asheville Band, gave a concert in the auditorium, which was very much enjoyed by all those who attended.

On Sunday, February 26th, we, with students throughout the world, observed the Day of Prayer for Students. There were eleven prayer groups in the school, with a total attendance of 232.

When our Hollins delegates returned they brought us the good news that Miss Anna D. Casler, executive secretary of the Virginia and Carolina Associations, will spend the week-end with us very soon. Let us give her a hearty welcome by our presence at the association meeting on March 18th.

LETA R. CHRISTIAN

Recording Secretary.

THE RUFFNER DEBATING SOCIETY

The Ruffner Debating Society held its regular meeting on February 10th. The question for debate was, "Resolved: That the Navy should be increased." Those on the affirma-

tive were Abbie Conduff and Pearl Agee; those on the negative were Mabel Peterson and Virginia Cox. The decision of the judges was rendered in favor of the negative.

The Ruffner Debating Society has challenged the Jefferson Debating Society to a joint debate on the question, "Resolved: That United States Senators should be elected by Popular Vote."

A great deal of interest has been aroused in this first meeting of the societies, and will continue until the decision is rendered on March 17th.

THE INTER-SOCIETY DEBATES

On Friday evening, February 17th, at half-past eight o'clock, an interesting debate between the Cunningham and Pierian Literary Societies was held in the auditorium. The subject of the evening's discussion was "Resolved: That local option is more desirable than state-wide prohibition." Dr. Jarman presided at the debate, which was argued as follows:

Affirmative; Pierian,—Lucile Cole, Virginia Johnson; negative; Cunningham,—Pearle Justice, Louise Eubank. The papers on both sides were exceptionally well thought out and delivered. The discussion was earnest and heated, and the interest of the audience was thoroughly aroused and sustained during the entire debate.

Misses Lucile Cole and Louise Eubank deserve special mention for the excellence of their open discussion.

The judges were Mr. Smithey, principal of the Petersburg High School; Mr. Terry, principal of the High School at Rice, and Mr. Lipscomb, of Randolph-Macon Woman's College. The decision was rendered in favor of the negative.

A joint debate was held Saturday March 4th, between the Argus and Athenian Literary Societies. The question, "Resolved: That capital punishment should exist," was

exceedingly well handled by both societies. Bessie Paulett and Katie Gray, of the Argus, defended the affirmative, while Alice Janney and May Langslow maintained the negative. Dr. Martin, of Randolph-Macon Woman's College, Lynchburg, Mr. Smithey, of Petersburg, and Mr. Ryder, of Richmond, acted as judges. Their decision was in favor of the negative.

Mr. Walter Bradley Tripp of the Emerson College of Oratory, presented *David Copperfield* in a most pleasing manner on Friday night, March 4th. Mr. Tripp came under the auspices of the Cunningham Literary Society, and his reading was much enjoyed by all who heard him.

Box and Cox was presented by the Dramatic Club on February 4th. They were assisted by Creasoto and his famous band. This band is as well trained as any we have ever heard. The music was marvelous and inspiring in the extreme.

February 23—Holiday.

The Emory and Henry Glee Club entertained us February 25th. After the concert a reception was given the club by the old and new cabinet members of the Young Women's Christian Association.

The last number of our Star Course was *Rip Van Winkle*, presented by The Spragues on February 10th.

Wonders

Come, friends, and listen to me,
I've the strangest things to tell—
One time, with my two eyes, I saw
A rock walk to a well!

Another time in Farmville town,
A queer sight I did see,
For as I'm 'live and breathing,
'Twas a weeping willow tree!

Then once as I was reading,
As quiet as a mouse,
I saw across another yard
A door step to a house!

That night I was 'most scared to death—
Ran fast as I was able,
Because I saw as plain as day,
The lamp light on the table!

The worst thing, tho', I ever saw—
It scared me stiff as starch,
For on a book-case, quite serene,
I saw a wedding march!

A stranger thing did follow,
The queerest startling thing,
For as sat there speechless,
I heard a wedding ring!

I went to view some scenery
With many another lass,
When through the valley plain as day
I saw a mountain pass!

The air-ships now aren't in it,
I'll tell you why and where,
'Cause down at Newport News, I saw
A boat sail in the air!

I have more yet to tell you,
A very funny thing;
Last year I saw, in earnest,
I saw a season spring!

And when I thought to catch it
And keep it once for all,
Before my eyes, with recklessness
I saw that season fall!

With matchless art and eloquence,
In fact, quite like a sport,
I heard with my two very ears,
A dandy tennis court!

There's many a prize-fight going on
With dreadful blows and knocks,
But I never dread the injuries
When I see a paper box!

I've seen some romance in my life
As I moved from place to place,
The softest yet I've run across
Has been a pillow "case"!

Perhaps you'll think I'm joking,
Or else am in a trance;
But in the country once I vow
I saw a large square dance!

I could tell you many other things
If it were not too late,
But, tho' I don't mind people, I dislike
To make a paper weight.

IRMA E. PHILLIPS, '11.





HIT OR MISS

Miss B.: "Name the bones that make up the peloric girdle."

H-r-i-t J-h-s: "The pelvis and the sacred bones."

△ △ △

Mr. G.: "For whom was Virginia named?"

A-i-e -a-t-n: "The Virgin Mary."

△ △ △

Miss B——g: "Name a few of the early settlers who came over to America for religious freedom."

A-i-e-l-a-e: "The Catholics, Quakers, and Plymouth Rocks."

△ △ △

Mr. M-t-o-n: "There is one girl in school that makes me think of physiology every time she comes into my shop."

Senior: "Who is she?"

Mr. M-t-o-n: "Her name is Jean, and every time the girls see her they say, 'Hi Jean!'"

△ △ △

Miss P——k: "What is an almanac?"

Joe J-r-a: "It is something that happens once a year."

Mr. L——r: "When is the president elected?"

Miss M-e-i-a: "The president is elected on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November."

△ △ △

We hear that a new subject has been introduced by our teacher of Philosophy of Education. As we wish to give future teachers all the *available experience* possible, we advise them to begin the study of "Mathemaddox" immediately.

△ △ △

L-l-a-c-o- (During a discussion on Eskimos): "Do they think that Cook ever reached the North Pole?"

Mr. M-d-o: "They cook on the outside of their houses."

△ △ △

Dr. M——g-: "Where are the sun's rays vertical on December 21st?"

Junior: "At the North Pole."

△ △ △

We have learned lately that the real cause of the Trojan War was taking Paris from *her* husband.

△ △ △

A-n-e B-n-s (when she heard that she had to give a sketch of the love story of "David and Agnes"): "Oh, girls, you must help me get this up."

L-l-i-n W-l-: "Why don't you read Lamb's Tales?"

Has any one else ever read *Lamb's Tales of Dickens*?

△ △ △

Professor of History: "Who, in general terms, should be allowed to vote?"

Senior: "Everybody, except paupers, idiots, and women."

The memory of our graduates,
As they leave to join the rest,
Still may linger with us
By their initials on the desks.

△ △ △

In case of fire, we feel that every one should be informed of the new exit to the State Normal School. One of the teachers, in dismissing her classes, says, "Rise, young ladies, open the windows and pass out." Her class-room is on the third floor.

△ △ △

Miss B——g: "Miss P-m-l-n-, describe William the Conqueror."

Miss P-m-l-n-: "Well, he was tall, but rather short."





We are glad to notice that the last month's magazines contain a larger amount of good substantial reading matter. The sentimental love story is not so much in evidence; the instructive essay seems rather to be taking its place. Especially is this change noticeable in the February number of the *Peabody Record*, which shows a decided improvement over the January number. Shakespeare's heroines have evidently been thoroughly studied, and the results are interesting and instructive. In this article we frequently seemed to recognize Mrs. Jamison's thoughts revised and dressed in new words for the use of an enterprising literary aspirant. However, the article is well written. The same might be said of "Prometheus Bound." The comparisons of Addison and Johnson is good, so far as it goes, but it doesn't go very far into the details of the characteristic habits and traits of these well known personages. The poems, "A Summer Night" and "To a Song," show an improvement over the poetry in the preceding number. The thing that strikes the reader as not altogether pleasing is the way in which the jokes, the Y. W. C. A. news items, and the school magazine news follow each other in such rapid succession—the reader has scarcely time to adjust himself to one situation before he finds himself in another.

Another magazine which we are glad to welcome on our exchange table is the *V. P. I. Skirmisher*. The stories and jingles are snappy and full of life, carrying out well the idea of the title of the magazine. If the actual "sophomore review" is as entertaining as these jingles would seem to indicate, the feminine reader is immediately possessed with a desire to investigate more thoroughly the details of this interesting state. The perusal of "An Afternoon Stroll" is quite an adequate substitution for the usual commonplace afternoon walk. Indeed it is almost better, for the reader finds himself looking through the eyes of another at scenery more picturesque and pleasing than any he has seen himself. "Love as a Chemical Element" is clever and original, and shows careful study of the subject on the part of the author. The stories are rather more amusing than interesting or instructive.

△ △ △

The *State Normal Magazine* now claims our attention for a while. This is a well balanced magazine and thoroughly enjoyable. The article on self-government is a forcible appeal to students for the promotion of the best in school. "The Question," a well written story with a good plot, is also worthy of especial mention. The title is not so forceful as it might have been, considering the strong character of the plot. Congratulations, fellow editors, on the success of your magazine.

We are sorry not to have some of our former exchanges on our tables any longer—the *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *William and Mary Literary Magazine*, the *Mary Baldwin Miscellany*, and several others.

△ △ △

We wish to acknowledge with thanks the following magazines: *The Talisman*, *The College Message*, *The John Marshall Record*, *The High School Student*, *The Daleville Leader*.

Register of Our Guests

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Mr. Robert Gleaves.....	Wytheville
Mr. Charles Allen.....	Petersburg
Mr. Hunt Staples.....	Lexington
Mr. Law	Wytheville
Mr. George Woodhouse.....	Burkville
Mr. Robertson	Norfolk
Miss Hallie Cox	Lynchburg
Miss Lucy Wheelock.....	Boston
Mr. G. B. Bright.....	V. P. I.
Mr. W. R. Legge.....	V. P. I.
Mr. Kusling.....	V. P. I.
Mr. Bernier	V. P. I.
Mr. Hargrove	V. P. I.
Mr. Hughes	V. P. I.
Mr. Hughes	V. P. I.
Mr. and Mrs. Moore	Victoria
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